

MARVEL

ISSUE

15

המלחמה
האחרונה
על
העולם

WOOD • MEDINA • VLASCO • GRACIA

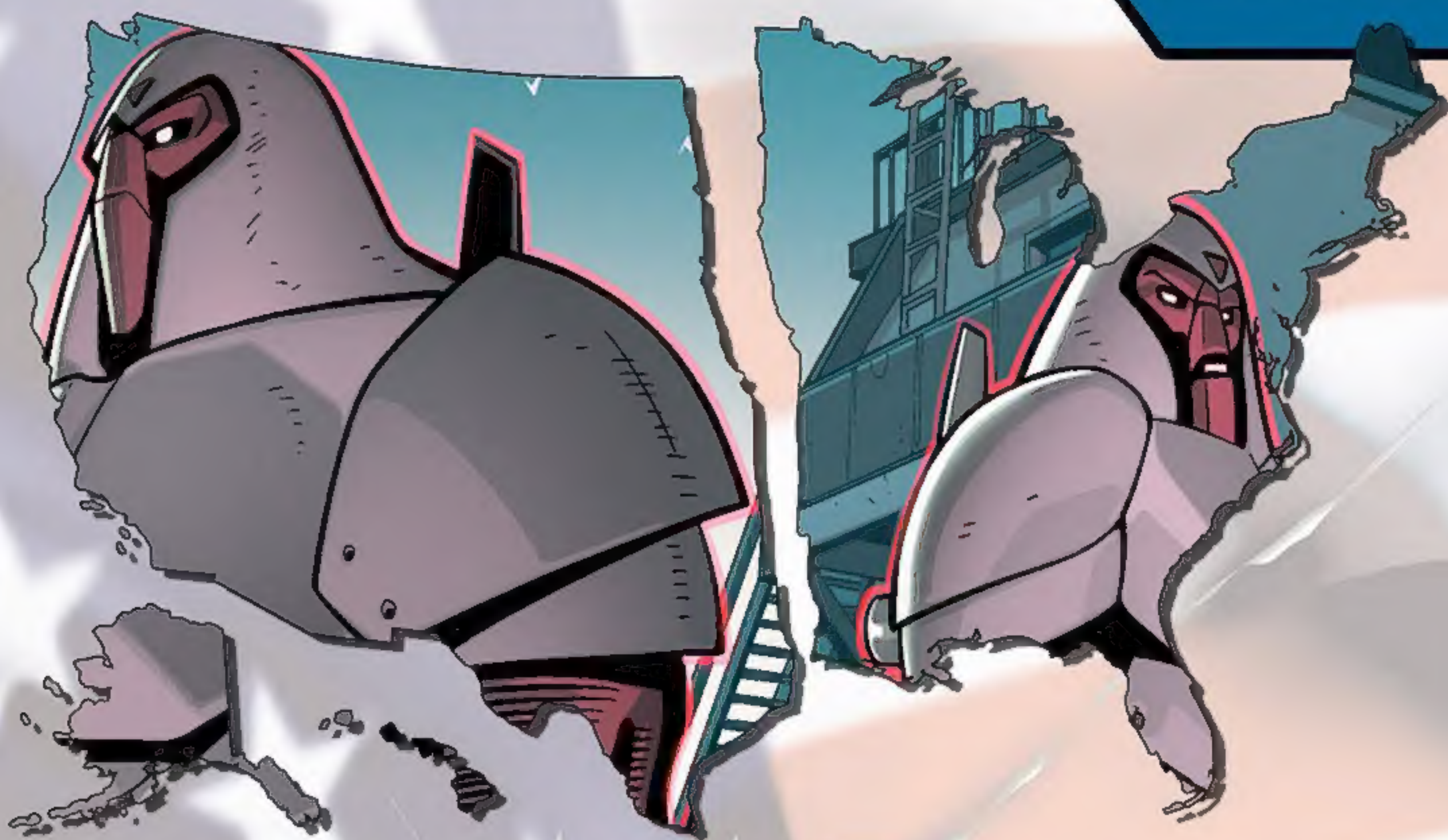
ULTIMATE COMICS™

X-MEN®



LIVING IN A WORLD WHERE MUTANTS ARE HATED AND FEARED MORE THAN EVER, ONE GROUP OF YOUNG HEROES HAS BANDED TOGETHER TO FIGHT BACK.

ULTIMATE COMICS
X-MEN



KITTY PRYDE



JIMMY HUDSON



BOBBY DRAKE



ROGUE

Mutants are outlawed.
Washington is decimated.
The government is a mess.
The Southwest is ruled by anti-mutant militias.
States are seceding from the union.
America is falling apart.
Can Kitty Pryde's band of rebels make a difference?

**DIVIDED WE CALL
DIVIDED WE FALL**

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S.H.I.E.L.D. SITUATION MAP:

[Anti-government militia hot spots]

Montana, N. Dakota,
S. Dakota, Wyoming,
Arizona, New Mexico,
N. Carolina, S. Carolina,
Georgia

[Eastern seaboard control zone]

New England,
New York,
New Jersey,
Delaware,
Washington D.C.,
Maryland,
Virginia

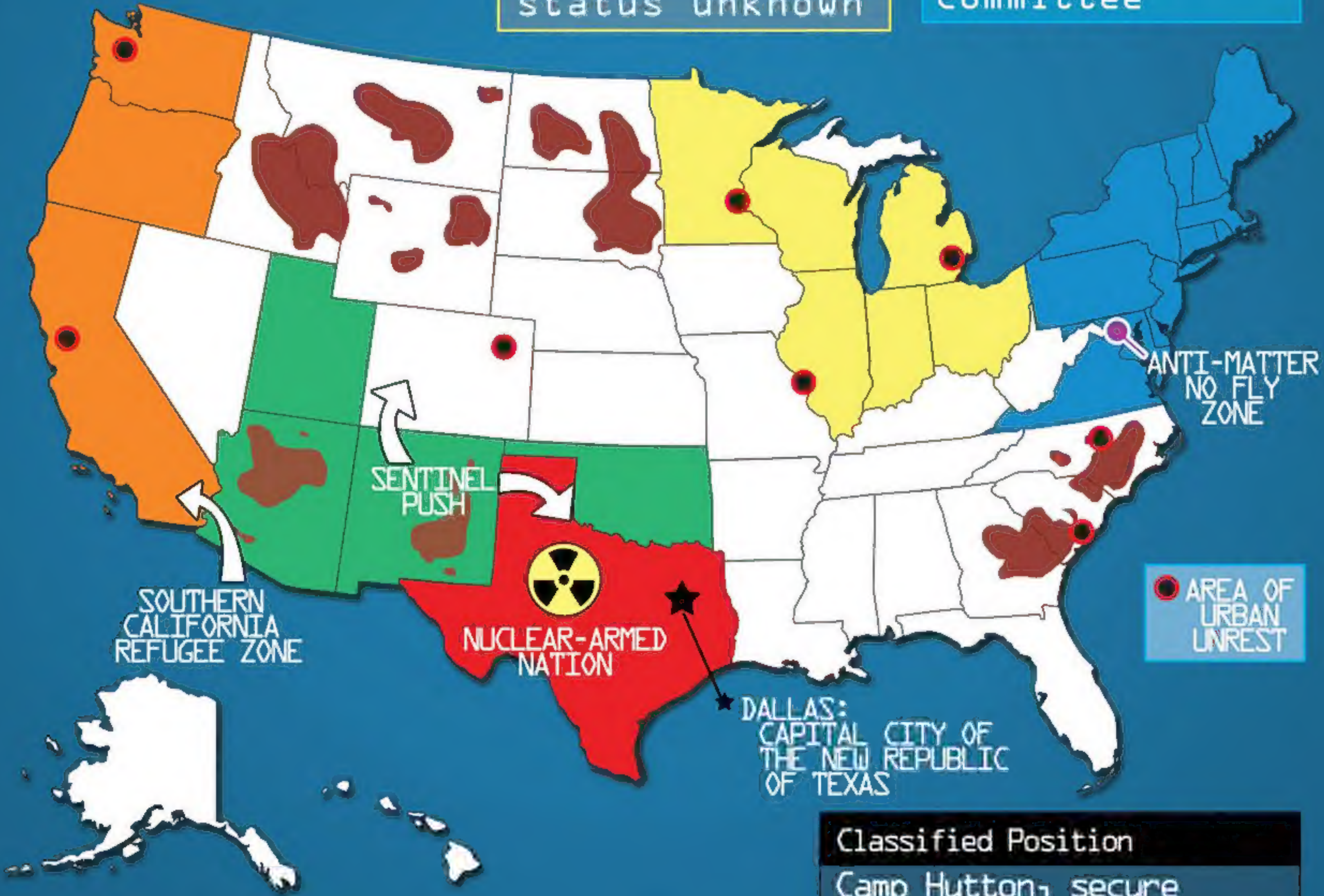
[the West Coast]

California, Oregon,
Washington
status unknown

[Great Lakes states]

Minnesota,
Wisconsin,
Michigan,
Illinois,
Indiana, Ohio
status unknown

secured by
National Guard
under emergency
powers
committee



[Sentinel-controlled no-man's-land]

New Mexico, Arizona,
Utah, Oklahoma
abandoned by the
U.S. government

Classified Position

Camp Hutton, secure
location of the President
of the United States

[The New Republic of Texas]

Texas

declared state
independence



ALL STATES
SHOWN IN WHITE
ARE U.S. GOVERNMENT-
CONTROLLED ZONES

WASHINGTON, D.C.



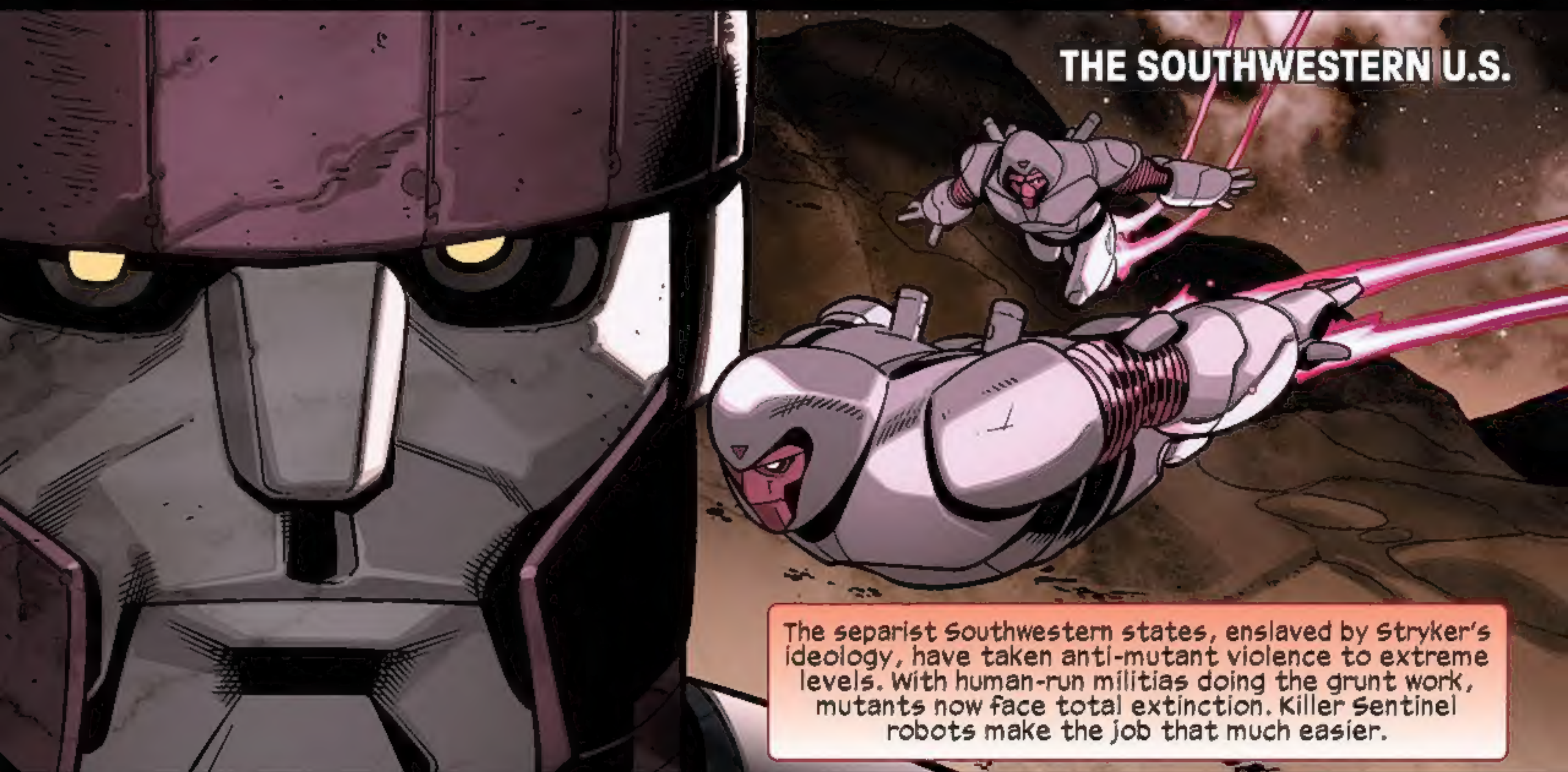
For Americans, the nerve center of the nation is its capital. Washington, D.C. has been scarred by a bomb blast.

But this is the least of it.

The government is in shambles, its leadership decimated, and entire swaths of the country have fallen under militia control. Even those who worked in the shadows to protect us are nowhere to be found.

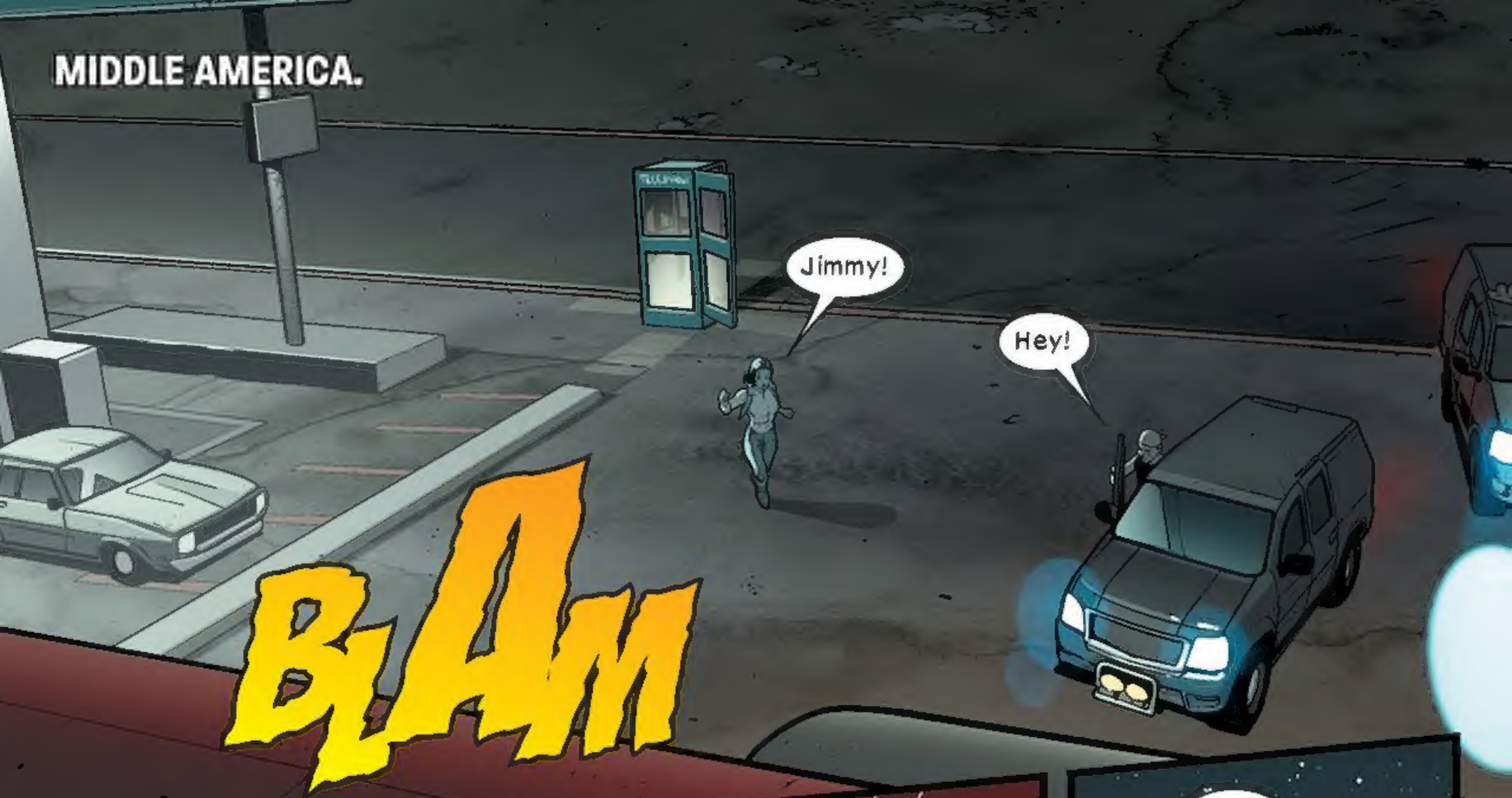


THE SOUTHWESTERN U.S.



The separatist Southwestern states, enslaved by Stryker's ideology, have taken anti-mutant violence to extreme levels. With human-run militias doing the grunt work, mutants now face total extinction. Killer Sentinel robots make the job that much easier.

MIDDLE AMERICA.









I brought his core temperature down to eighty-six degrees. He's not dead, but he'll probably wish he was for at least a week.

Now get down.

Bobby!



What's our rules of engagement here?

How far do we take this?

Ask Kitty!



Kitty? These are regular folk, not Sentinels...



They're worse, Rogue!

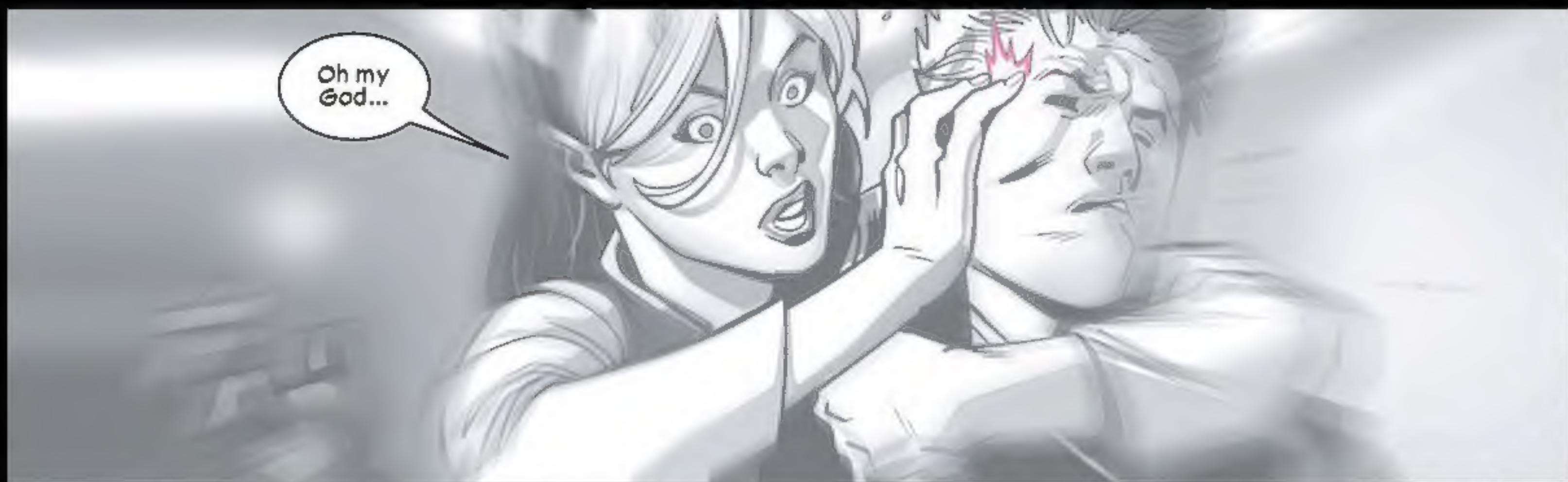
Do I have to remind you what's going on in this country?

Put these guys out of commission!



Wait...

...Let me see what's going on in your head...



...I got it.

KRUNCH



...Jimmy, why did you do that?



"Why"?



"Two to the head," Bobby. Remember?

But I didn't die, did I? And why is *that*?



It's the same reason all these people here are staring at us like we're demons.

They'll *never* stop, Bobby, they'll *never* leave us alone until they find a way to kill all of us.

C'mon, Kitty.





Jimmy.



Yeah, go tell
your friends,
you redneck.

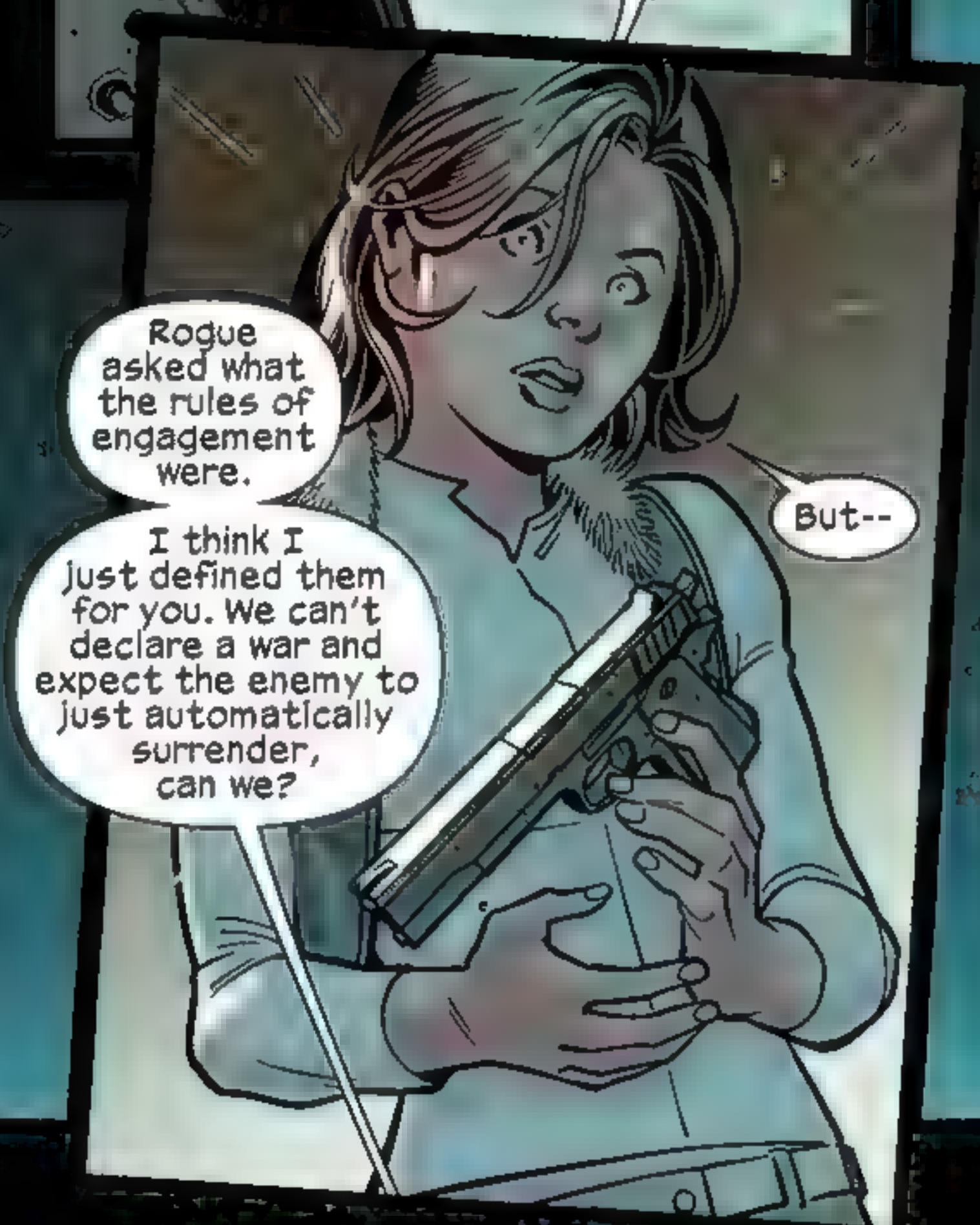
Jimmy!



Be honest.
Kitty...



...This is
what you had
in mind, isn't
it?



Rogue
asked what
the rules of
engagement
were.

I think I
just defined them
for you. We can't
declare a war and
expect the enemy to
just automatically
surrender, can we?

But--



He was after
you, Kitty. The
one that shot me,
he was here *looking*
for you. And I
stood up to him.

And I'd do
it again. I'll
do *anything*
for you.

LATER.

I let Jimmy drive, since he asked.

Once the fight was over and the humans in the diner realized what was going on, we were screwed.



What happened: A militia came in openly carrying assault rifles and shot a teenaged kid in the head, point blank.

Take it easy, Jimmy...

What they saw: Violent mutants taking out a group of American... patriots? Citizens? Whatever they call themselves.

They saw Bobby turn to ice and send someone into shock. They saw me turn into a ghost and back again.



It's okay, Marian...

Jimmy, Bobby's right, slow down a little!

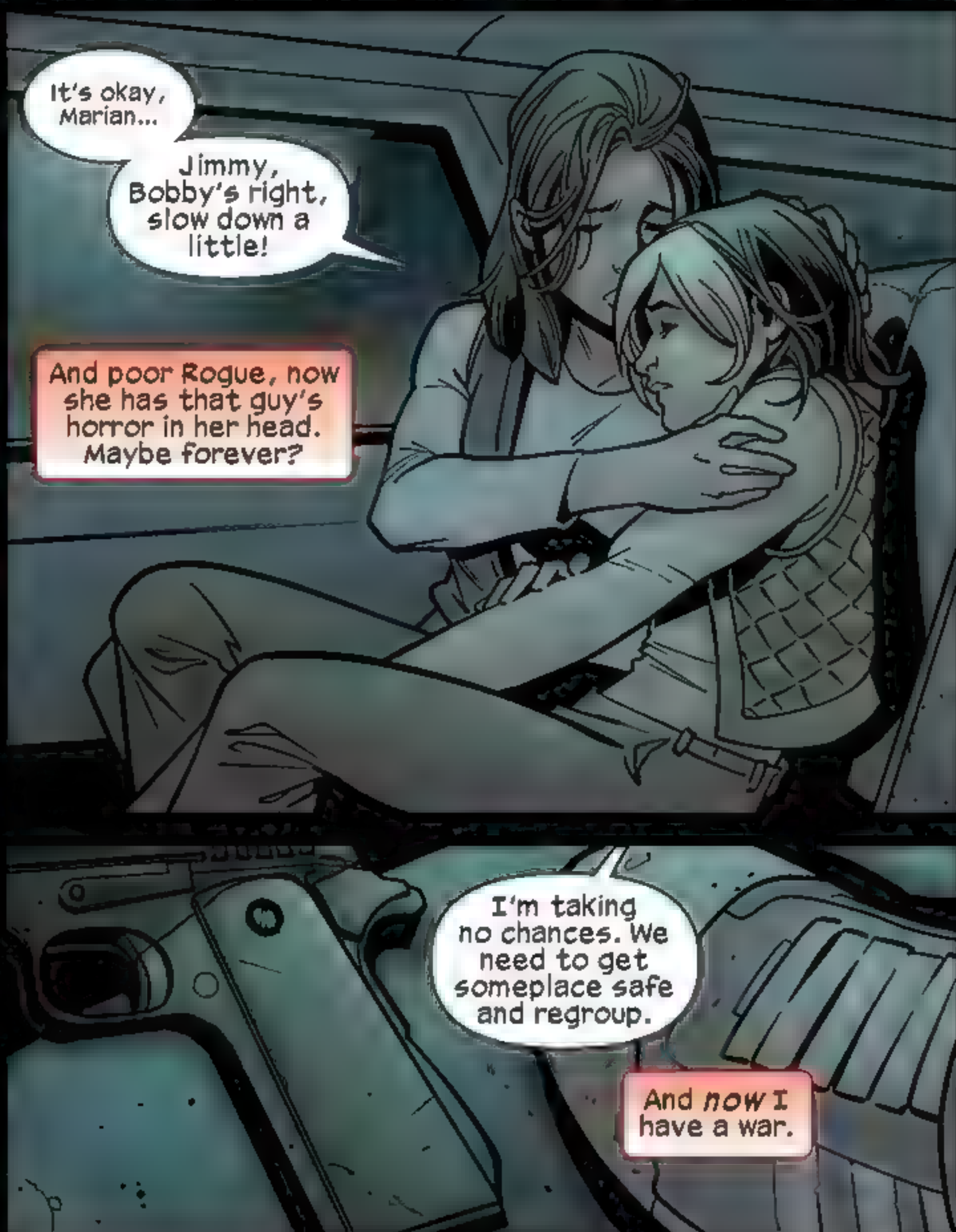
And poor Rogue, now she has that guy's horror in her head. Maybe forever?

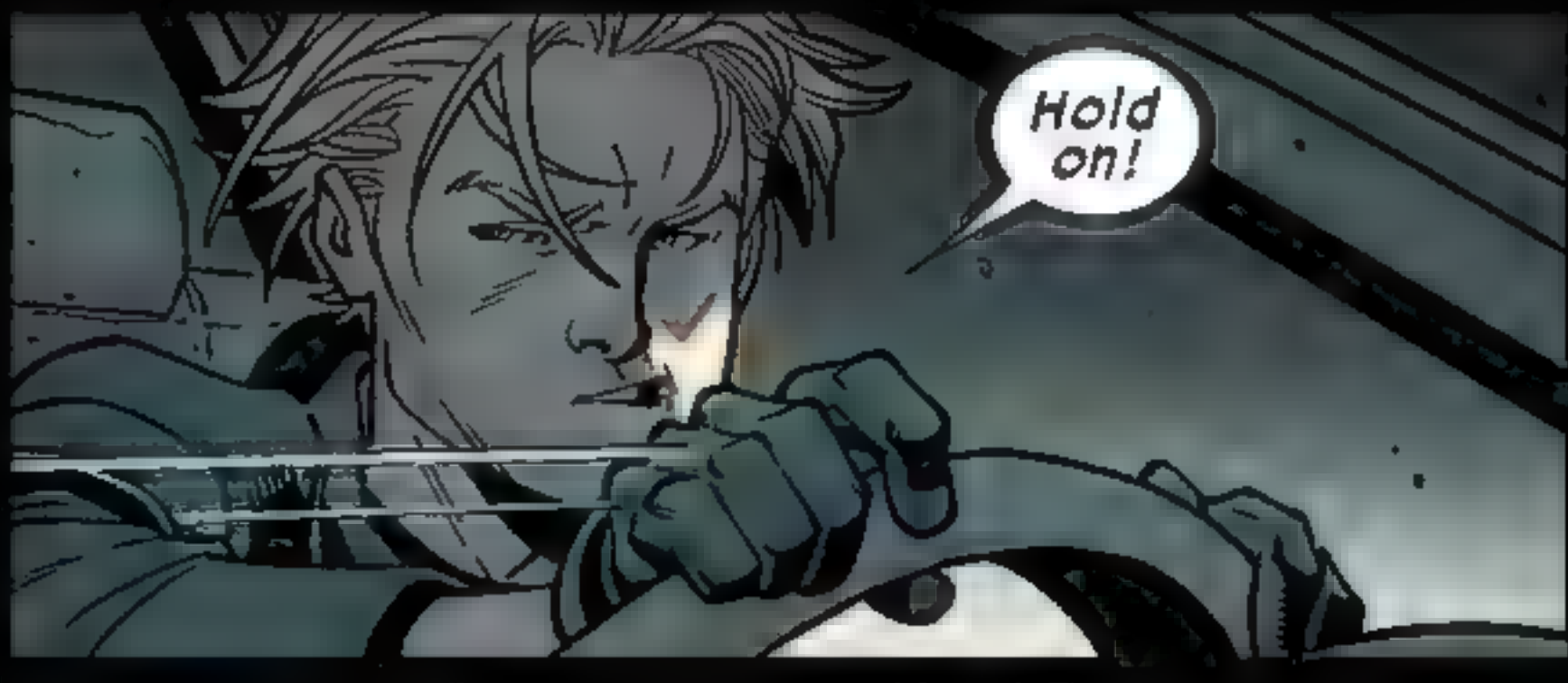
And they saw that same teenaged kid rise from the dead and stab a man, already down, with claws.

The diner was trashed, easily thousands in damages. We couldn't have engineered a better anti-mutant propaganda event.

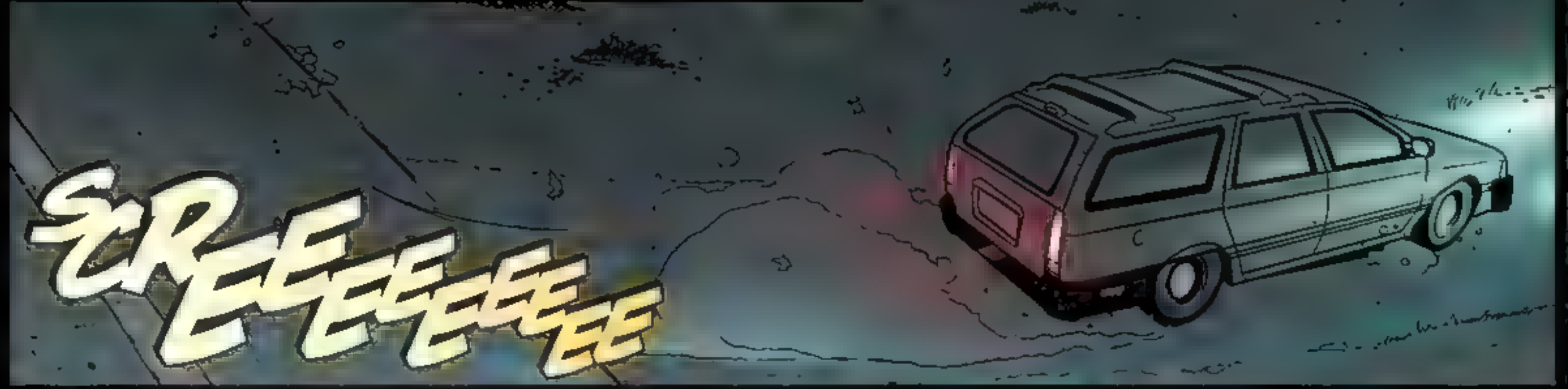
I'm taking no chances. We need to get someplace safe and regroup.

And now I have a war.





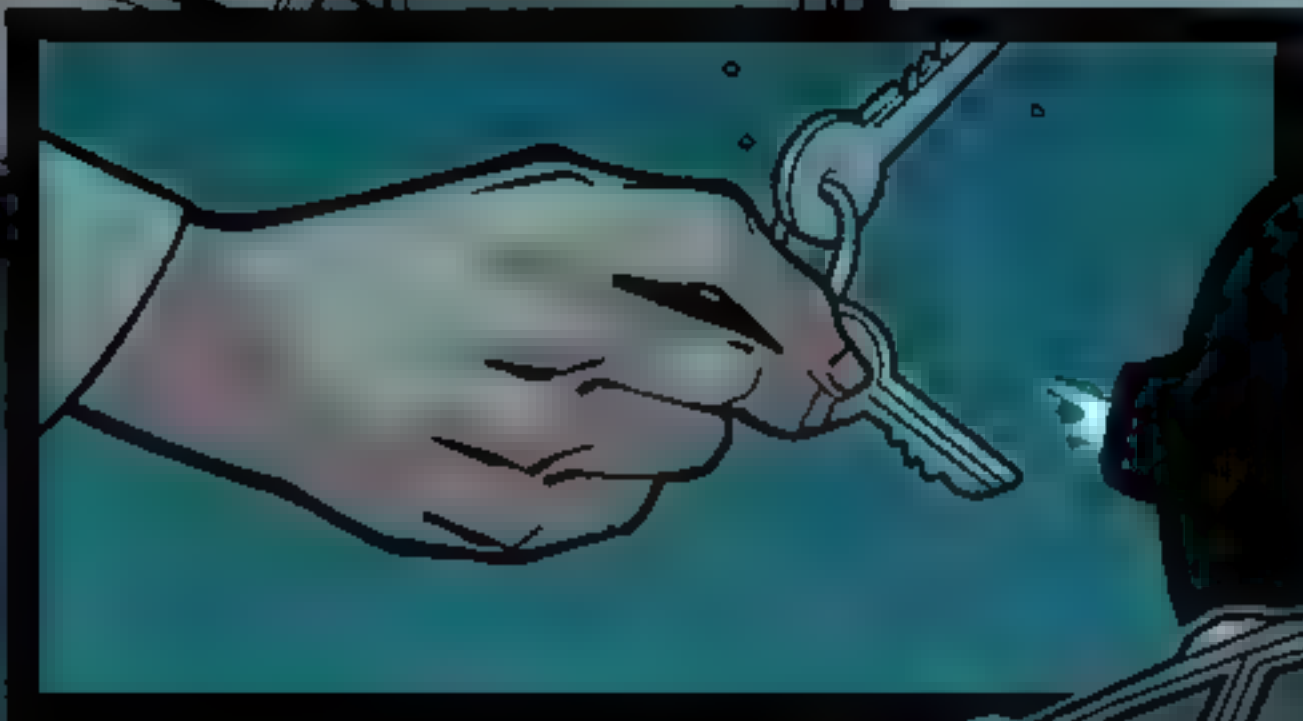
Hold on!



SCREEEEEEEE



Jimmy, stop!



What are you doing?!

We'll get *killed* staying with this car!



The militia has the make and the plates.

The people at the diner can describe us. You have us going *ninety* and kicking up huge plumes of dust...



...So we're on foot until we can figure something else out...

What? What *is* it?

You're bringing the gun?



... Just before it kicked off back there, I was on the phone with Nomi back in New York.

Something happened to Johnny.



What? What happened to Johnny?

I don't know, the connection was bad. There was a raid--

What raid? What happened?



Listen, I didn't want to say until I knew more...

There was a raid. Cops, soldiers, don't know. The tunnels were cleared, the kids were probably taken into custody, but Nomi was free so maybe she has some with her.

But Johnny...she said he was taken.



Do
you...

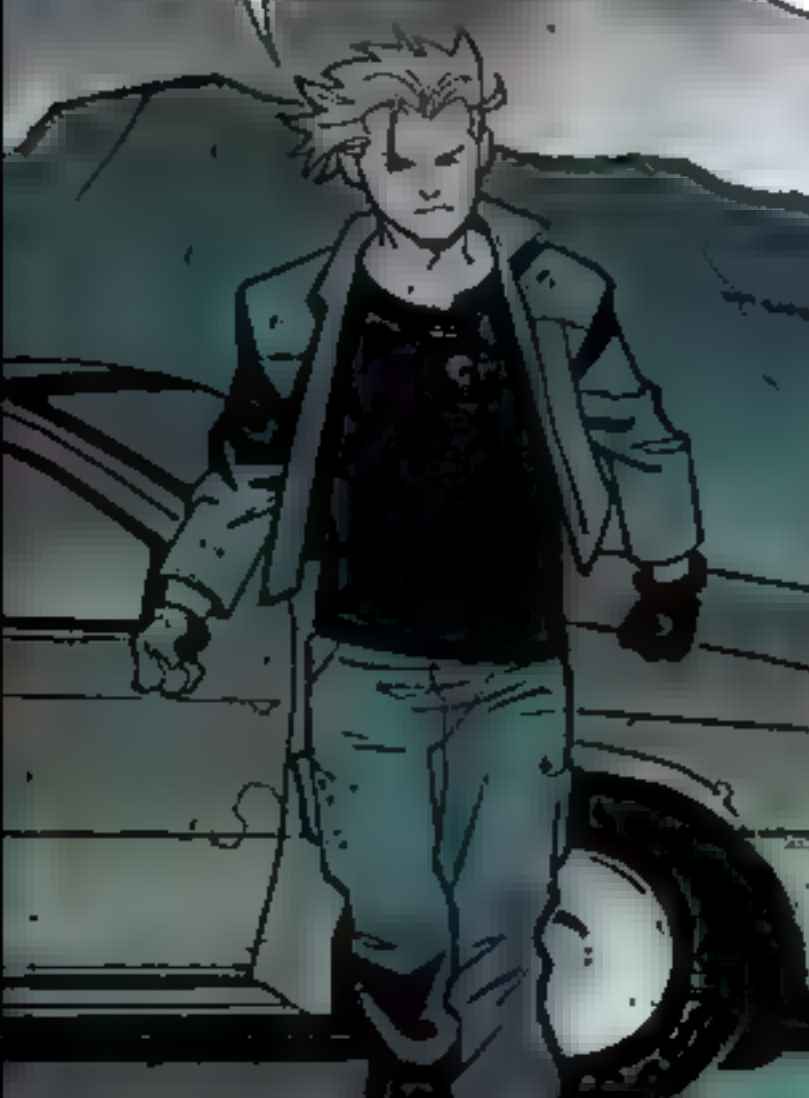


Do you...
think he's
dead?

Bobby, we
don't know
that.

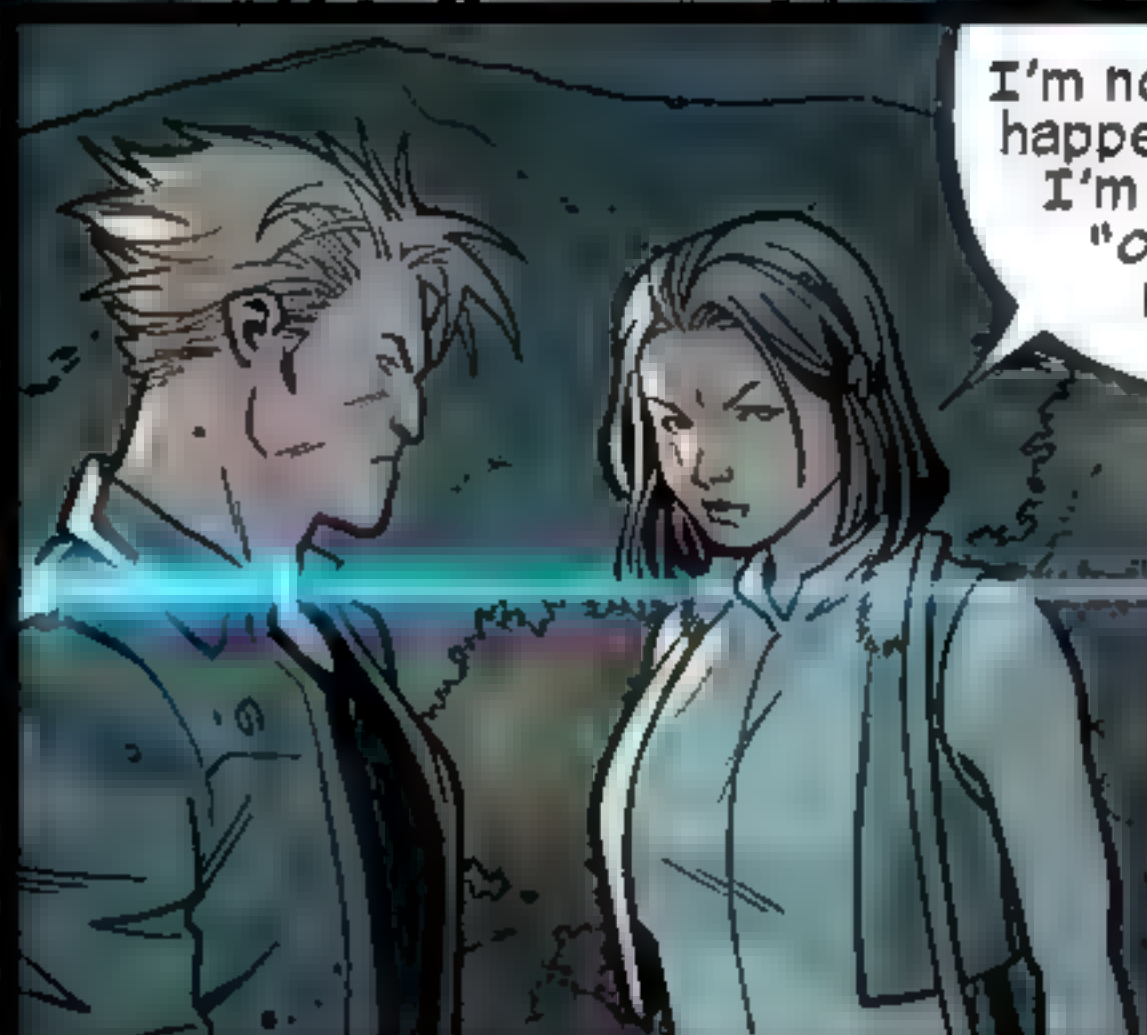
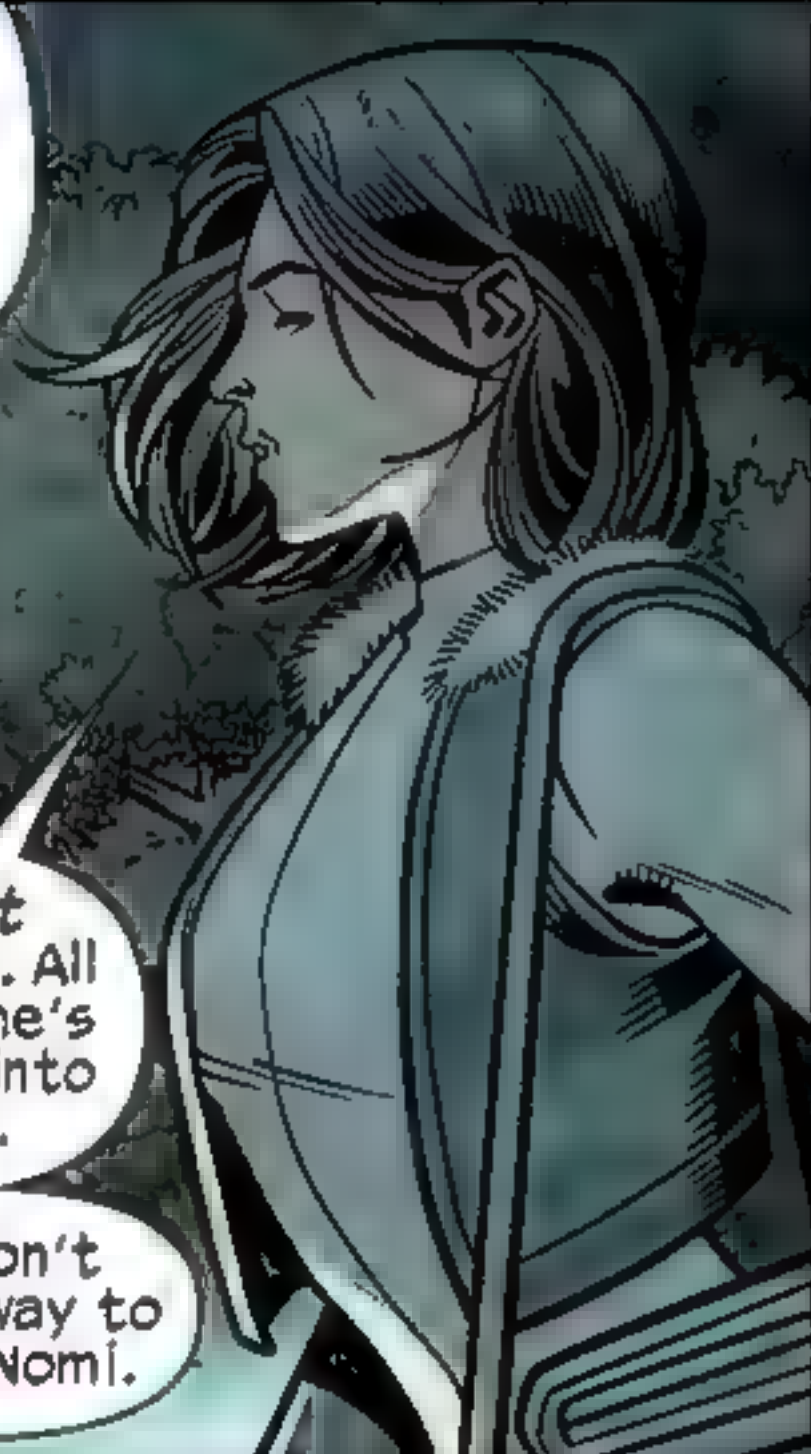
Do you think they'd be
able to tell him apart
from a mutant, is
what I want to
know.

And even if they
could, would they
care? Somehow I
don't see them
being that picky
in the camps.



We don't
know that. All
we know is he's
been taken into
custody.

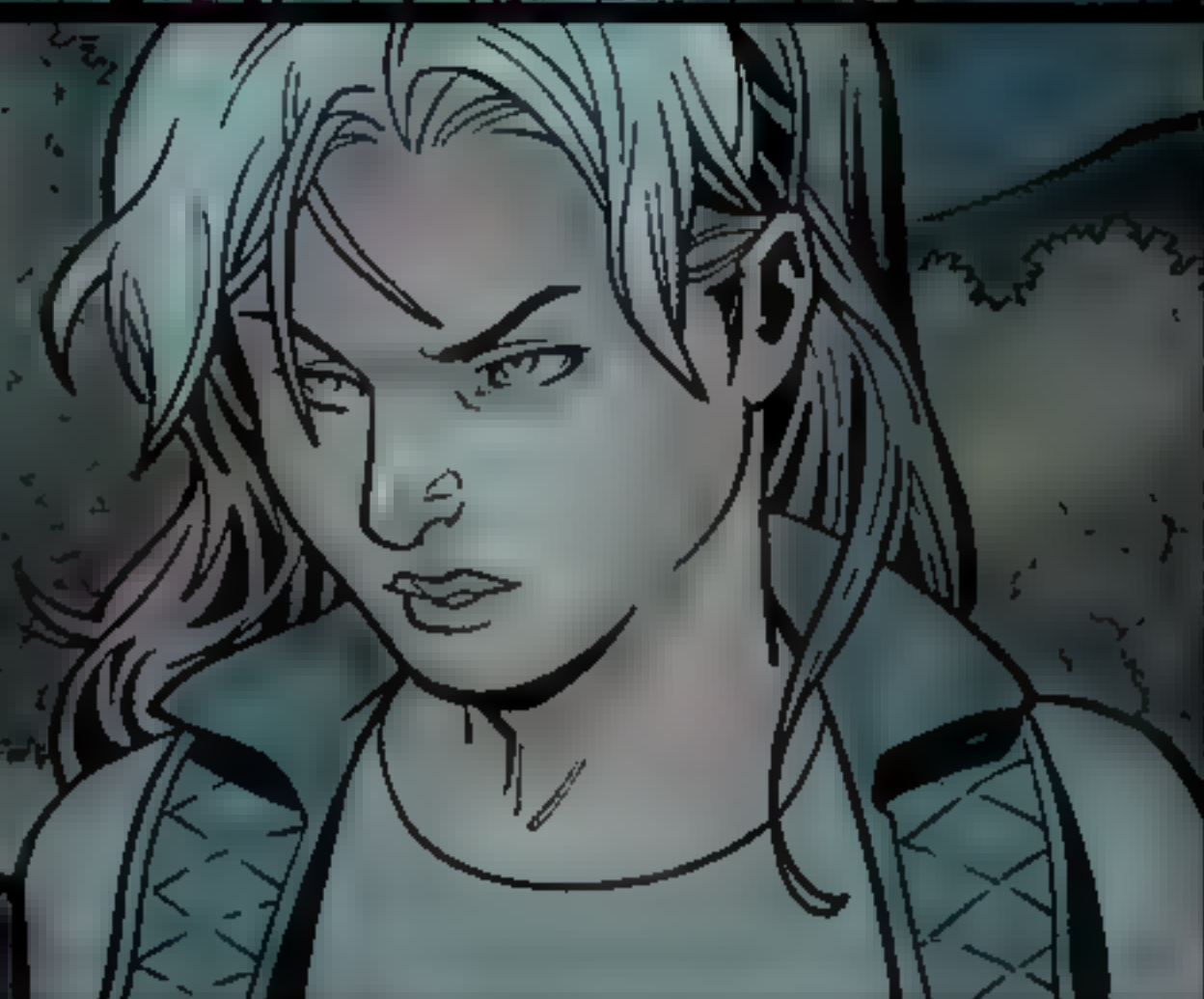
And I don't
have any way to
contact Nomi.



I'm not going to let that
happen to any of us. And
I'm also not going to
"out" any of us as
mutants along
the way.

We'll save
it for when it
counts.

Hold on, we're
still going to the
Southwest?



No. No way.
We're going back
to New York.


We have to
help Johnny. And
the kids. How can
we just turn our
back on them
like this?




How do you
know they haven't
been shipped out
west to a camp,
like all the
others?

I say
we take a
vote.

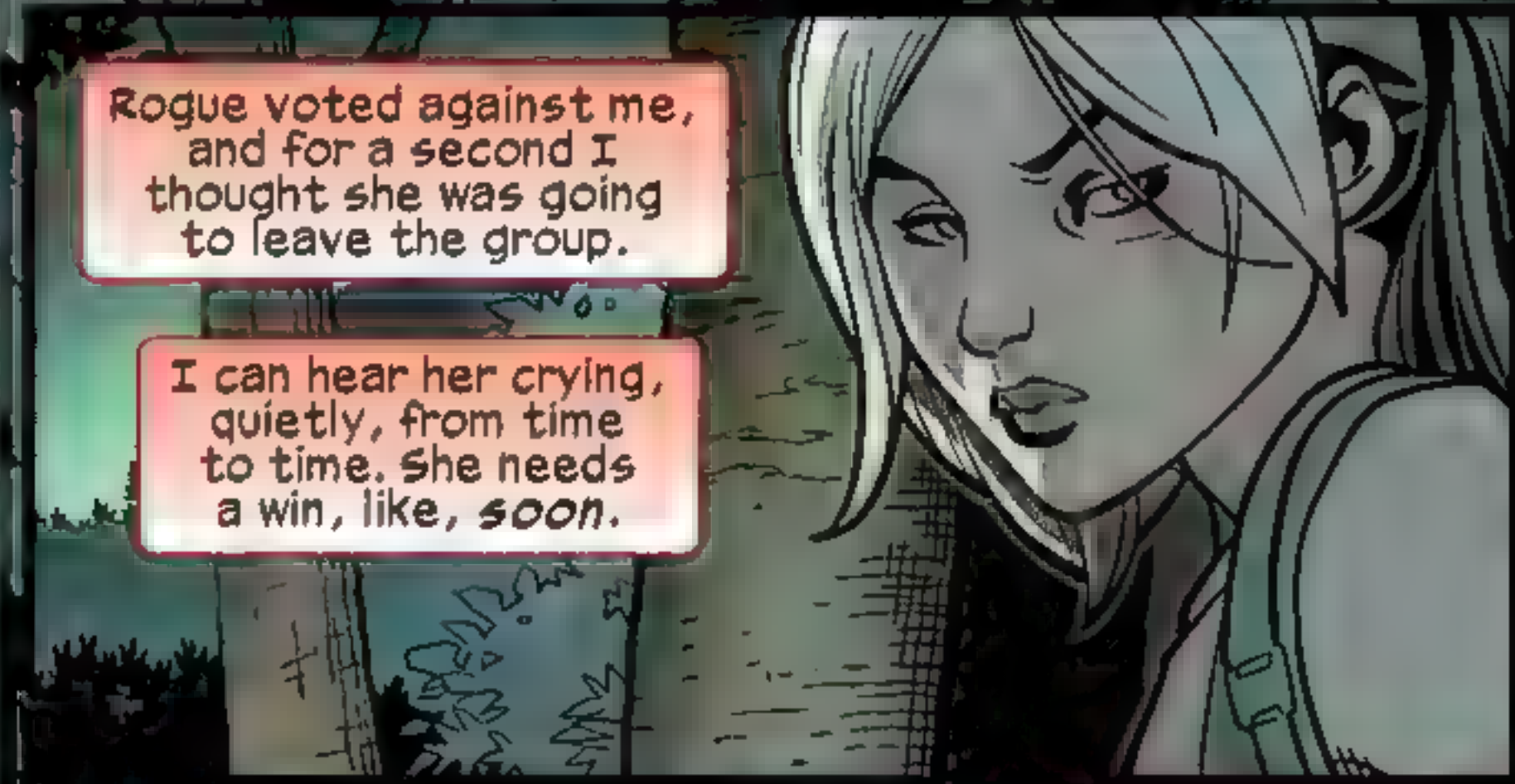




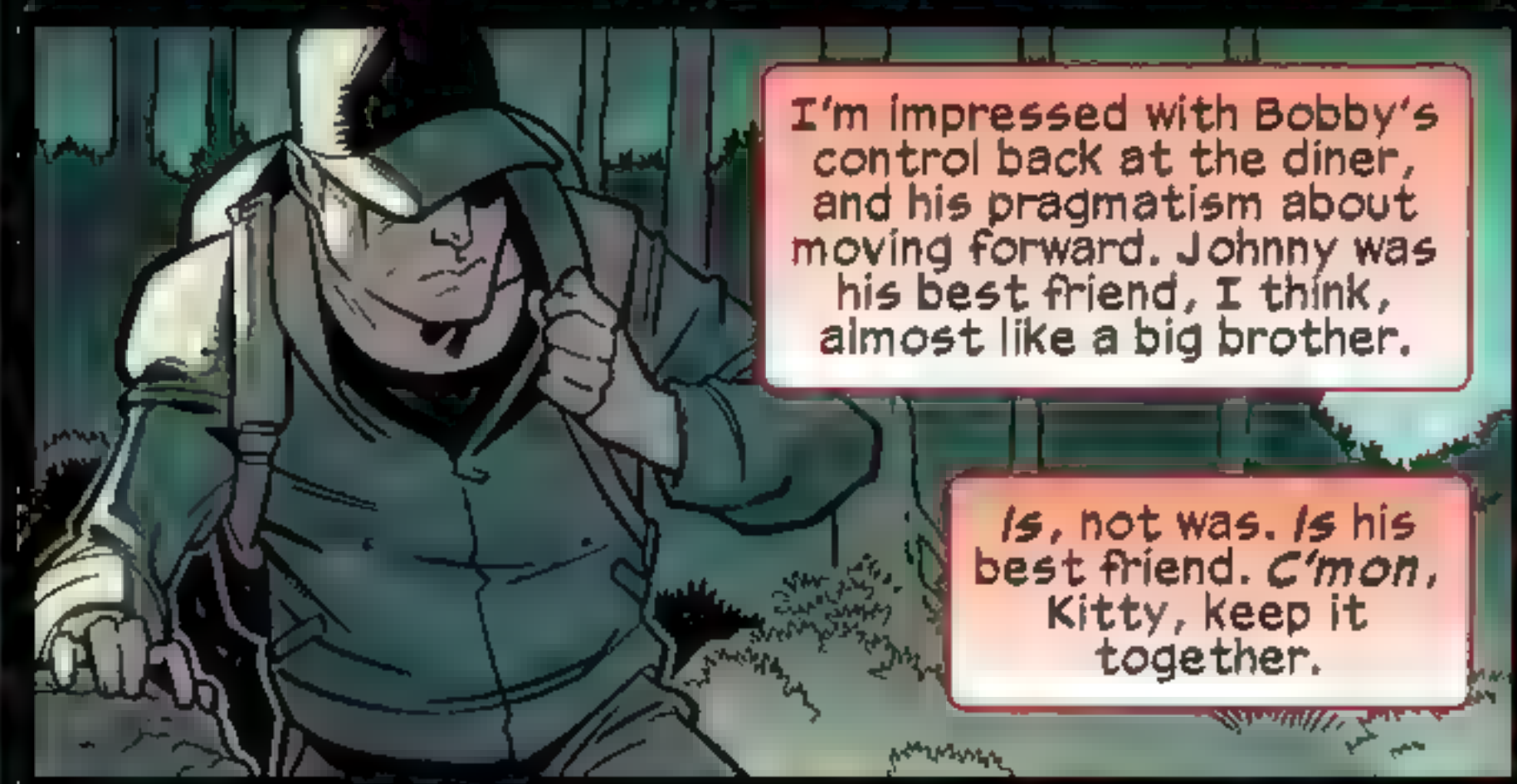
I almost lost. I could see the conflict in Bobby's face. I felt for him, but even he knew going back was suicide.



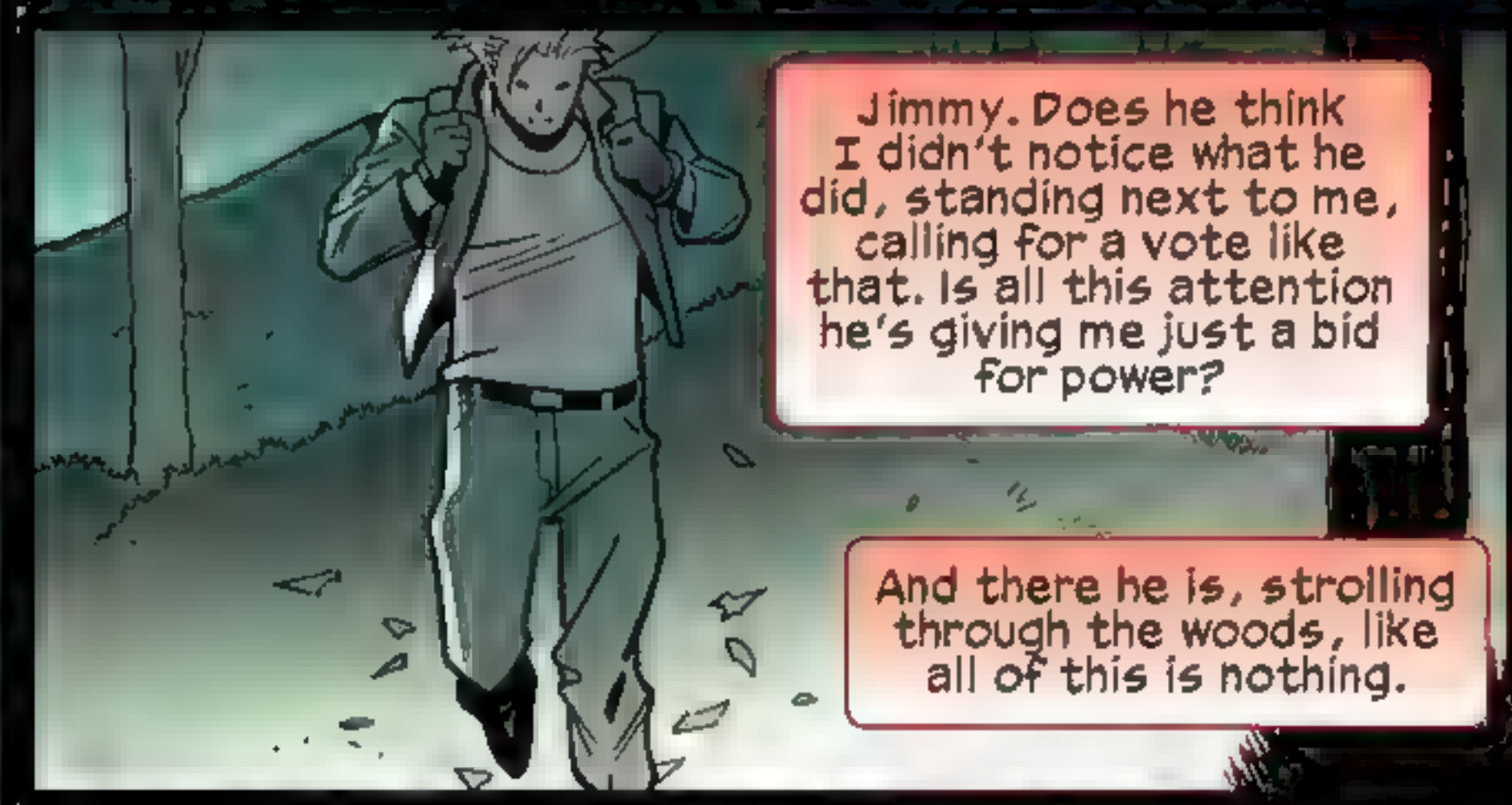
The gun is overkill, maybe, but it's a powerful symbol, and it reminds me--and the others--that this is real. Everything is real.



Rogue voted against me, and for a second I thought she was going to leave the group.



I can hear her crying, quietly, from time to time. She needs a win, like, *soon*.



I'm impressed with Bobby's control back at the diner, and his pragmatism about moving forward. Johnny was his best friend, I think, almost like a big brother.

Is, not was. Is his best friend. C'mon, Kitty, keep it together.

Jimmy. Does he think I didn't notice what he did, standing next to me, calling for a vote like that. Is all this attention he's giving me just a bid for power?

And there he is, strolling through the woods, like all of this is nothing.



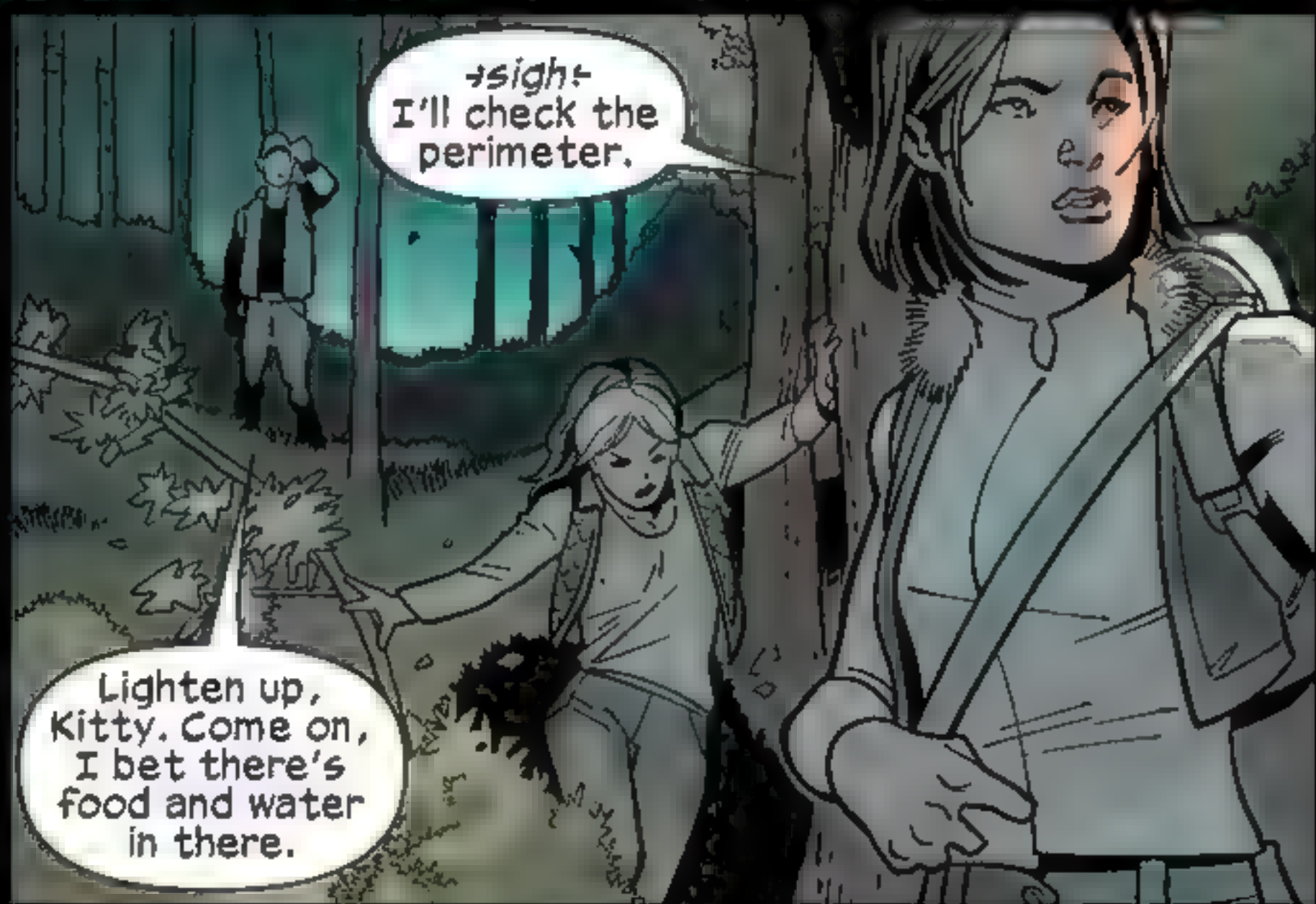
Maybe compared to what's coming...

Jackpot!



Come on!

Jimmy, wait!



+sigh+
I'll check the perimeter.

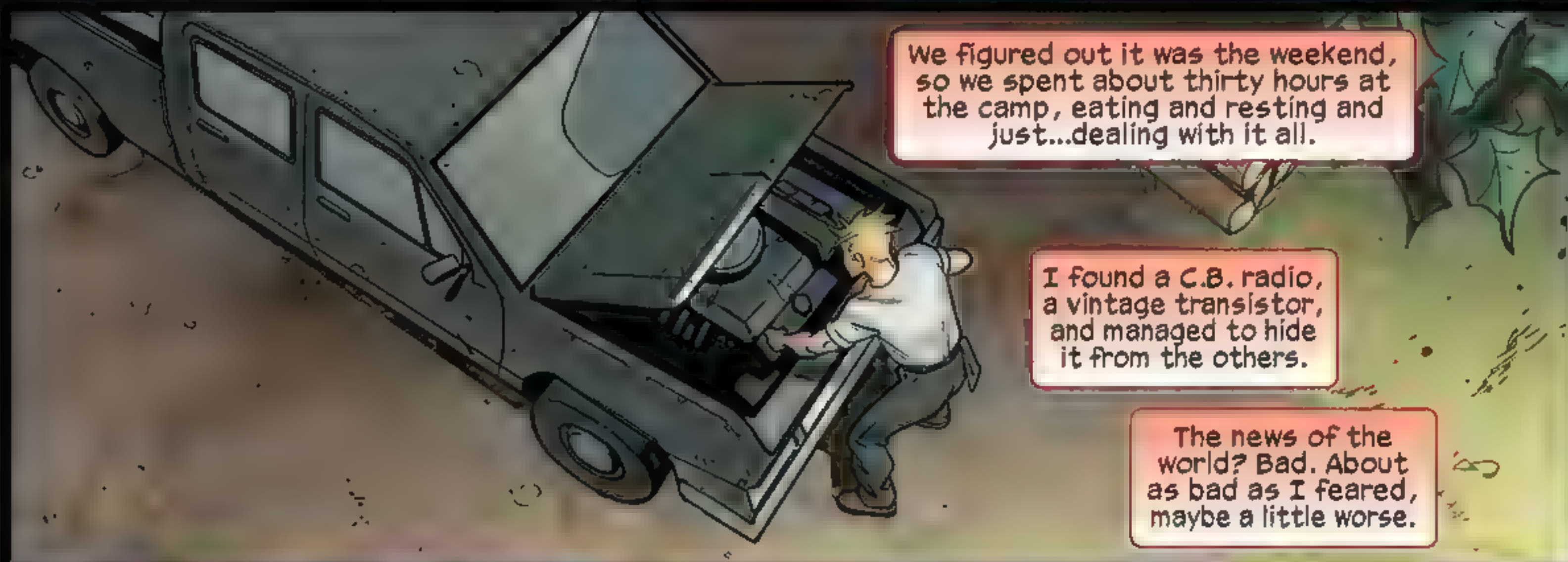
Lighten up, Kitty. Come on, I bet there's food and water in there.



...it is.

Sugar and caffeine! Look!

We're saved!



We figured out it was the weekend, so we spent about thirty hours at the camp, eating and resting and just...dealing with it all.

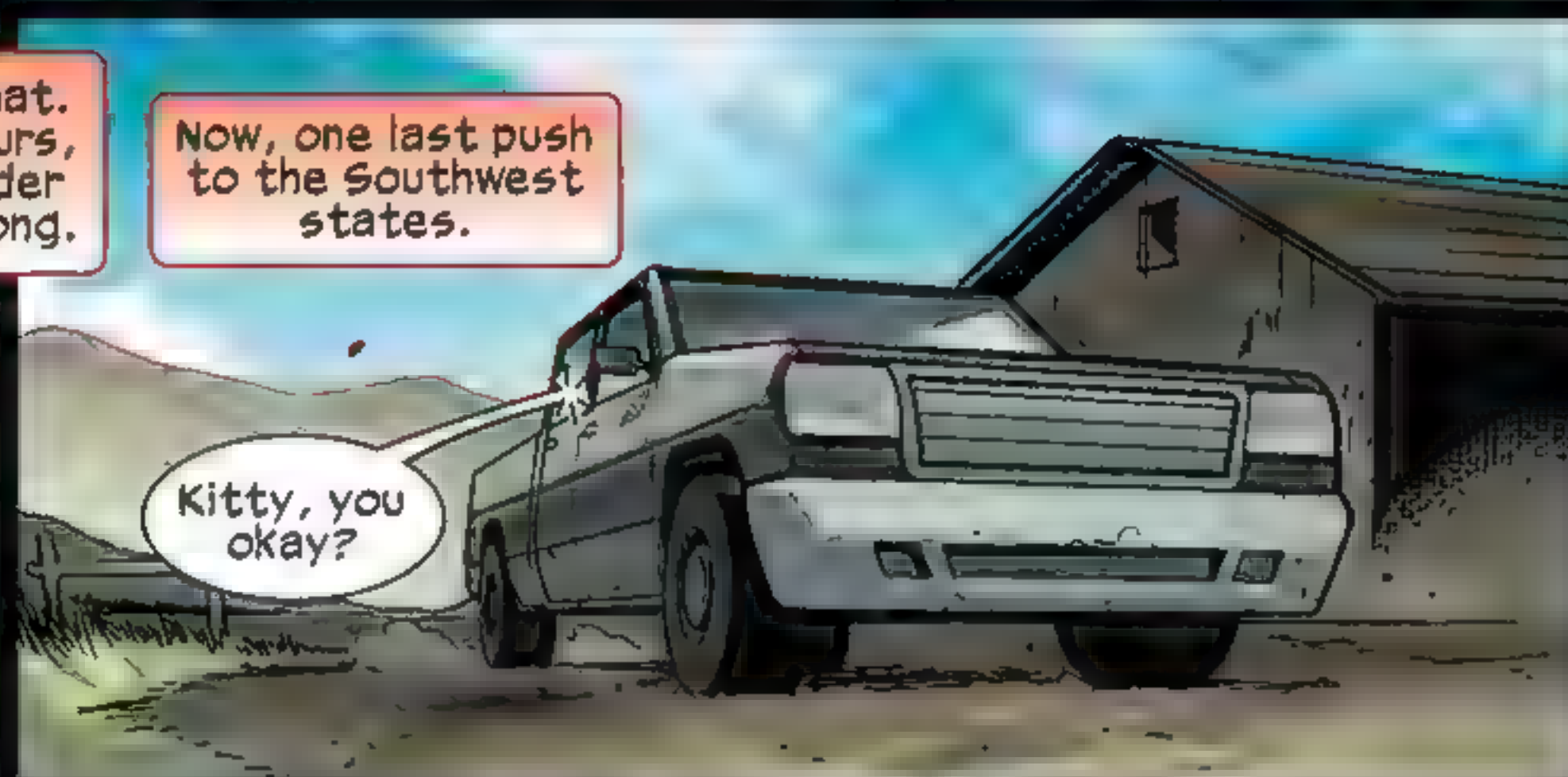
I found a C.B. radio, a vintage transistor, and managed to hide it from the others.

The news of the world? Bad. About as bad as I feared, maybe a little worse.



Ha ha!

They don't need to know that. Truth is, for those thirty hours, they had fun. I could shoulder the burden alone for that long.



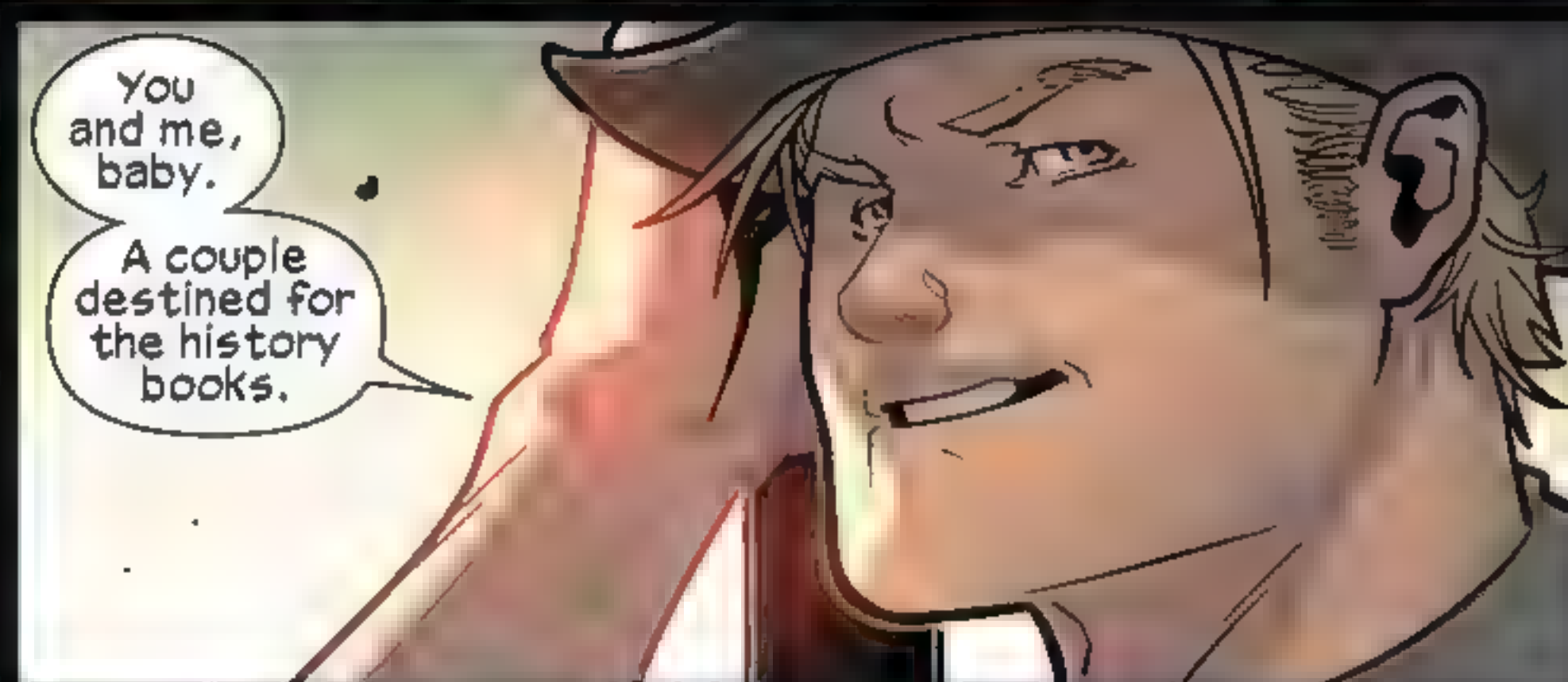
Now, one last push to the Southwest states.

Kitty, you okay?



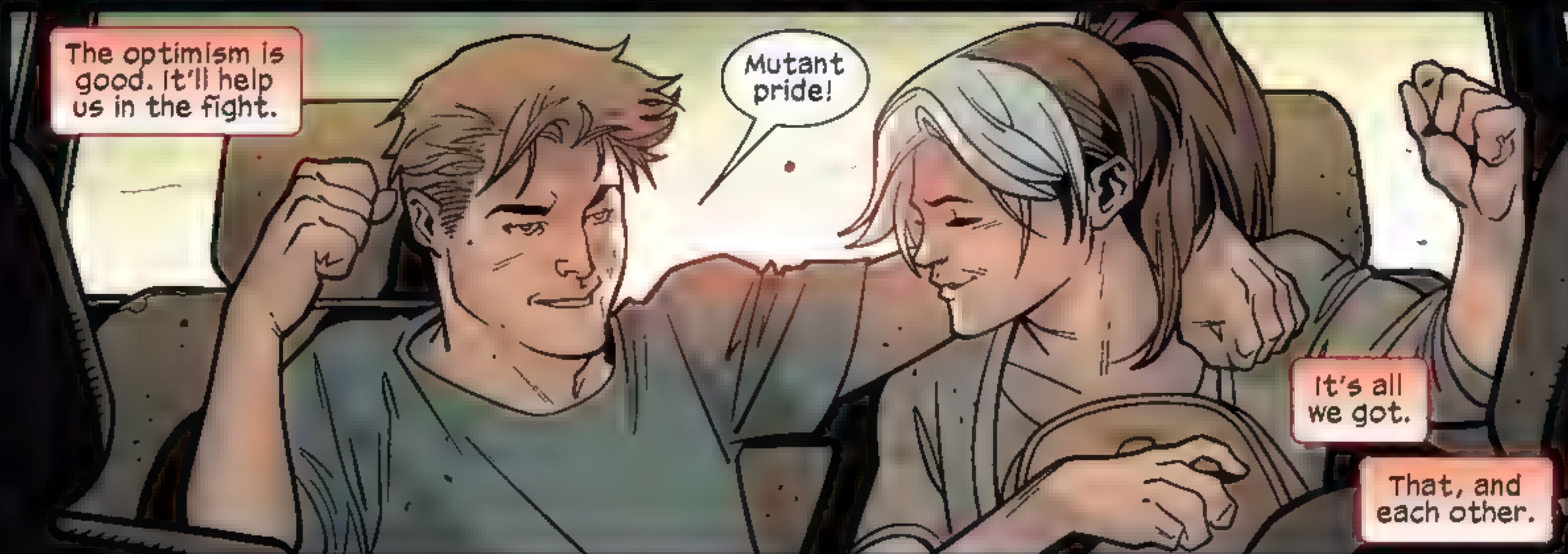
Right now? Perfect.

Can't believe this time tomorrow we'll be in Stryker territory.



You and me, baby.

A couple destined for the history books.



The optimism is good. It'll help us in the fight.

Mutant pride!

It's all we got.

That, and each other.

THE SOUTHWEST

We're still five miles from the border, but this stopped feeling like America some twenty miles back.

THIS TOWN
HARBORED
MUTANTS!

Real nice place.

Kitty, put that gun down, you look ridiculous.

We're close to the border, Rogue.

Another patrol!

Get to cover!



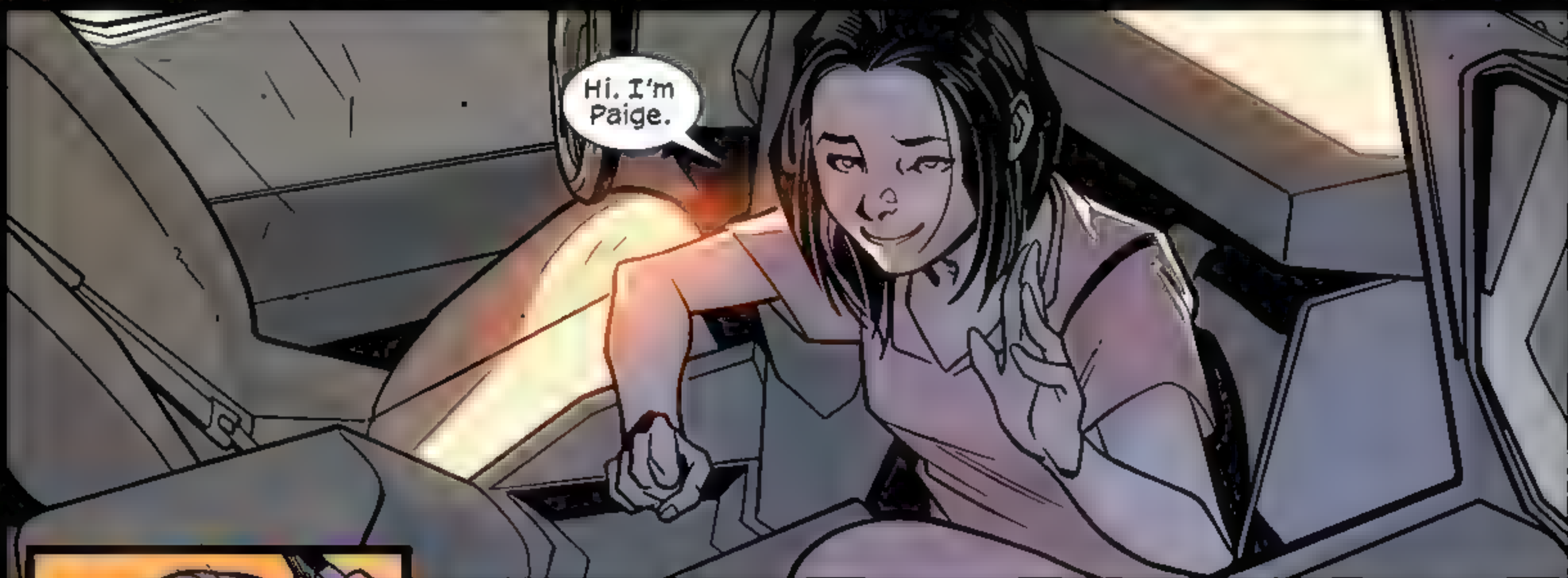


Every twenty-seven minutes.

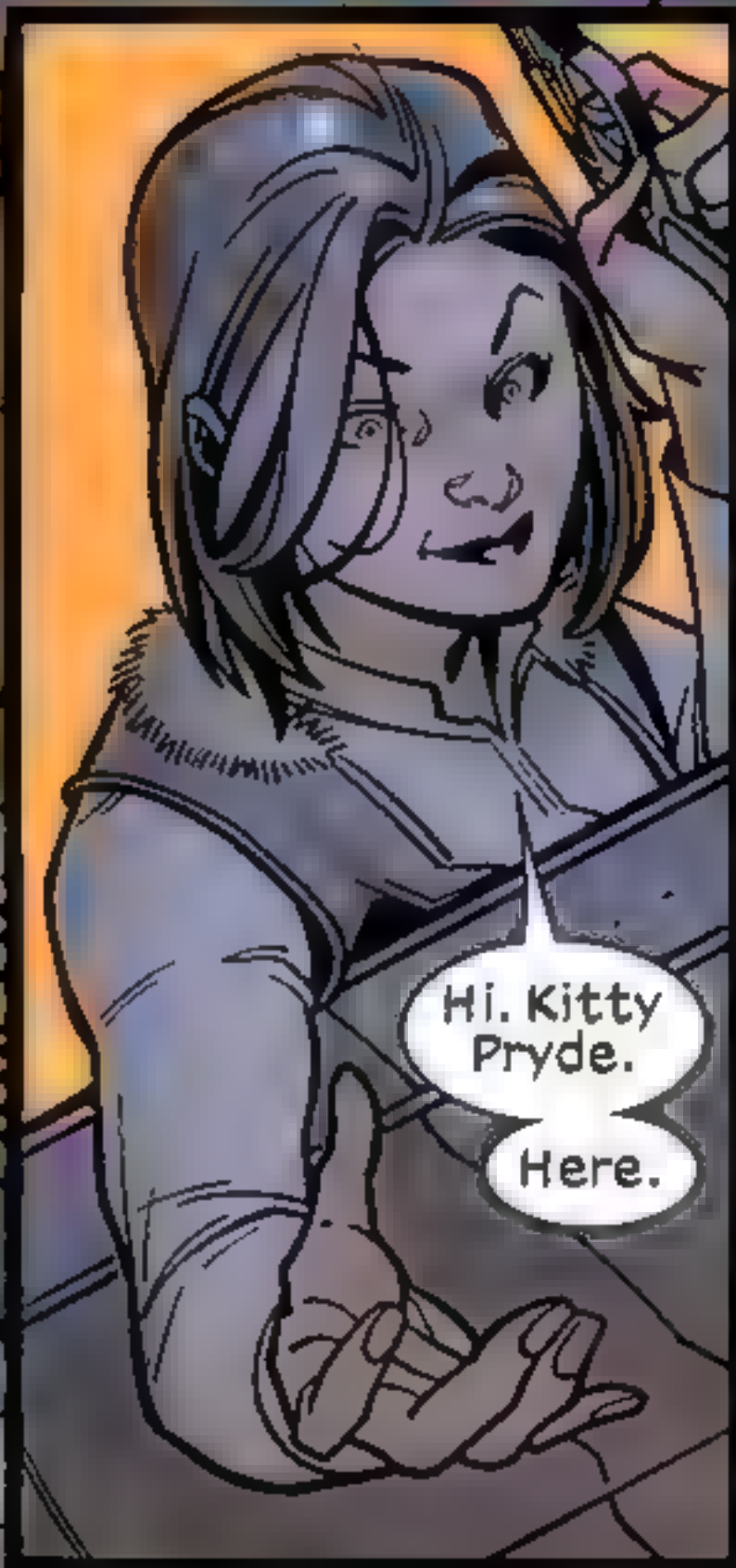
?



They patrol the outer perimeter every twenty-seven minutes. I've counted it.

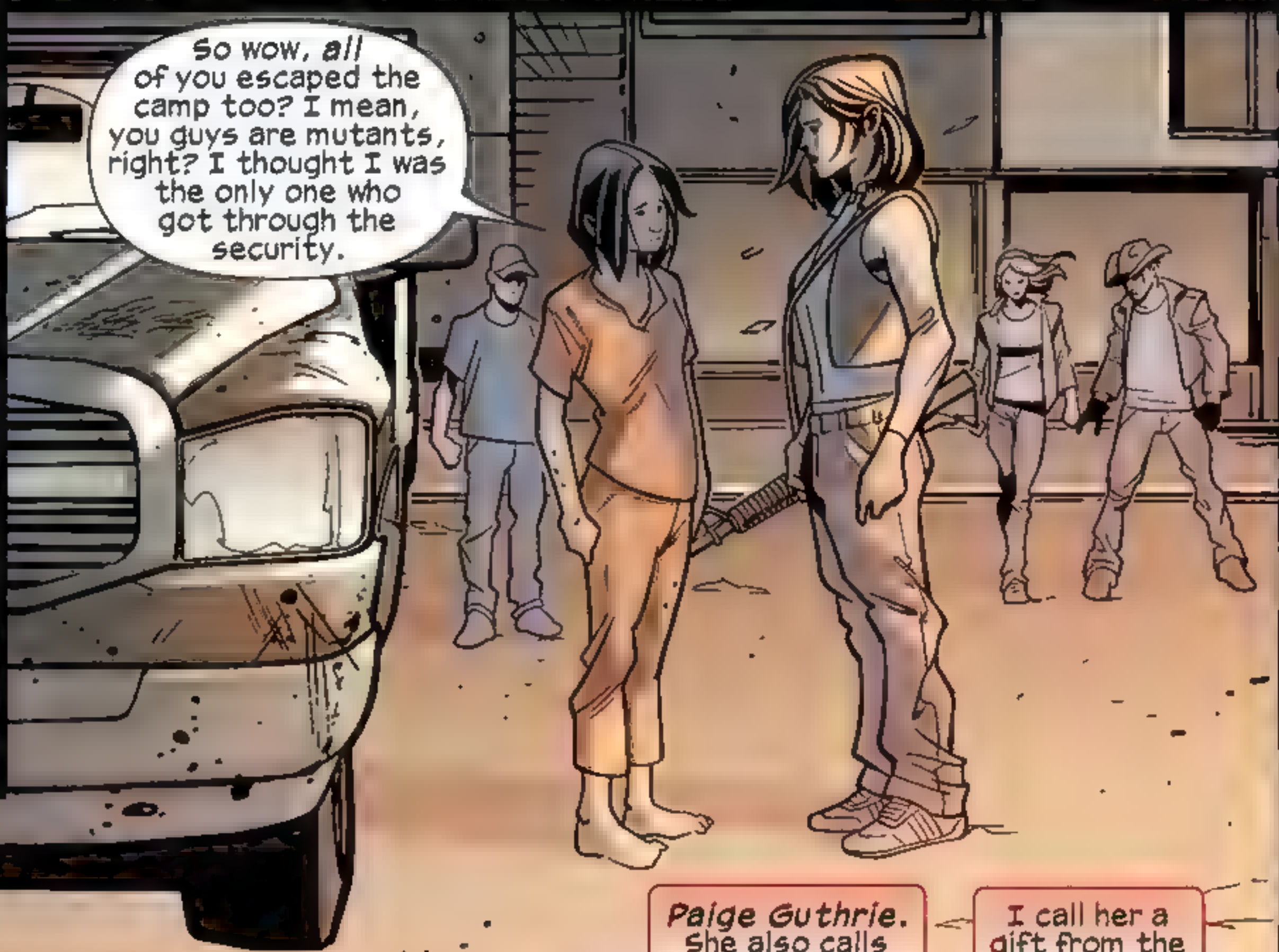


Hi. I'm Paige.



Hi. Kitty Pryde.

Here.



So wow, all of you escaped the camp too? I mean, you guys are mutants, right? I thought I was the only one who got through the security.

Paige Guthrie. She also calls herself *Husk*.

I call her a gift from the heavens.



So
how many
mutants?

In the camp itself? Dozens. In the hills surrounding it, I dunno. **Hundreds.** They live underground, in these cool, old military bunkers.

That's where I was before I was picked up. It's pretty nice, actually, in parts.

Hundreds. That's an army.



SALE
5¢

Maybe.
Everyone's pretty scared.

She points west. Like we don't know which way to go, but she is trying to be helpful so I let her.

She has no concept of the rest of the country. She doesn't know about Washington, or New York, or anything else. She thinks east means safety, where the police will help her.



Then I give her a chance to be helpful, again. To lead us back through the same security she just escaped from.



I tell her why we're here, what we want to do. What we *will* do.



What *I'm* prepared to do.

Okay. Fine. Whatever.

I'll take you to this guy I know, who seems to be in charge.



A full-page comic book illustration of Nick Fury. He is a bald man with a goatee and a black eyepatch over his left eye. He is wearing a black t-shirt, a brown tactical vest with straps, and a brown belt with pouches. He is holding a brown helmet in his right hand. The background is dark and industrial, with metal panels and rivets visible.

I apologize.
You've been
on the road
a long time.

Nick Fury.
I'm here to
help you.

Ready
to get to
work?

NEXT: UNITED WE STAND!

MEGAN

